

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A Triple Miracle.

BY SARA LONGLEY.
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BETSY picked her way through a debris of marble chips, shavings and powdered plaster, evaded piles of lumber and sawhorses and dodged pools of mortar ready to catch the unwary. For the great domed hall of the Browns' city house was being remodeled according to plans drawn by Harrison, the celebrated architect.

Reaching the door of the library, she unlocked it, groping her way in the dark among the happy pieces of shrouded furniture, and drew up a window shade to let in some sun.

"Mercy! How close and stuffy and dusty! But I must call mother on the phone and tell her I got here safely in my new roadster and I'll start for Clover Hill as soon as I have some luncheon at the hotel."

She threw up the windows and carried the phone over. "I'll be home in time for dinner, mother. I'll start back at 2. I haven't found your gray velvet coat yet, but I'll get some of the workmen to help me up the stairs. What? Raining up there? Why, it's lovely here. The sun's out and the sky is as blue as June! Oh, don't worry about the car. I'm not afraid of a little wind; besides I've got to learn to take all kinds of roads. Harrison? No, I haven't seen him—just some workmen. Things are terribly messy. Well, bye-bye, I'll be home by 6. Yes, I know you're having a dinner. Don't worry. Good-bye!"

She hung up and looked out at the sky. Just as she had said, the weather was perfect. A thunder shower sixty miles away didn't frighten her. She looked fondly at her new road car, a dark Brewster, green with ivory wheels. Near it at the curb was a ridiculous little Bridge so mud-caked Betsy wondered that it could go. Repeated layers of mud had dried and hardened on the wheels until there was scarcely a semblance of spoke left, and chains, about as much needed on that dry smooth asphalt as an extra tail on a dog, hung foolishly in the air.

"It's a wonder to me," said Betsy indignantly, "how some people can treat a car so. No matter what kind it is, it's a car—same as a yellow pup is a dog. If it's yours you've got to take care of it."

"That's true," said a man on the stone balcony outside the window, "but a yellow pup wouldn't be happy if he were clean. He would only go out and roll in the gutter again. If his insides are well taken care of he's happy, and he'll go until he drops."

Betsy looked at his overalls and grimy hands and changed the subject. "I have to get to the second floor and the stairs are gone. What can I do?"

"You can go up a ladder perhaps. But it's pretty high. Anything I can do?"

"I don't think so."

"I'm willing—and honest. I won't touch anything!"

"All right," agreed Betsy, suddenly trusting his brown eyes. "Here's the key to mother's room. Open the big box at the foot of the bed and get a gray velvet coat. Then close up everything again, please."

"I'll do it!" he declared and was gone.

Betsy locked up the library and went out to her car. After a short delay, the man came out with the wrap. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but I couldn't find it right away," he explained. His eyes were not smiling and his lips were set very firm. She wondered at the change.

For an hour after she left the hotel things went smoothly and the green car flowed over the white, hard road, and even after turning off to the dirt road things were well enough, but soon little puddles began to appear that had not been there before and the ground got softer and Betsy had more manipulating of clutch and gears than she cared about. Then, rounding a curve between a high wooded bank and a ravine, she found herself in mud quite a foot deep. She put on more power and plowed through, but the wheels started to slip and, do what she would, she continued to skid terribly.

Suddenly she put on the brake and the car stopped dead. What had happened she couldn't tell, but the car wouldn't move at all in any direction. There she was alone in a mudhole miles away from help and another storm coming! She looked at her shiny high-heeled slippers and then at the mud. She couldn't walk! She would wait for help. But she remembered that the road was a shortcut between two highways and little used. She might have to wait for hours.

Then she heard a snappy little shug, chug behind her. She turned and there was the ugly little Bridge car she had made fun of, with her accommodating workman turning the wheel this way and that with one hand.

"My, he must be an expert to bounce through this slough of despond that way!"

"What's wrong?" he called.

"I don't know! It won't move."

"Let me try!"

So he crawled in, but failed to get any response. "You have done something to the gears. There's no connection. Lots of power, but it's no use."

"Oh, dear, how can I get home?"

"If you'll ride in my little yellow log, I'll be glad to take you."

Betsy looked at it with distaste and pictured herself riding into Clover Hill. "Thank you, no. I think I'll—"

But she stopped. There was nothing left for her to do. No way out! Then she had a plan. "If you would take me to Dexter, I can take the electric nearly all the way. Would you mind?"

"I'd be delighted to do anything you say."

So she got in after he had spread a paper over the dusty seat.

"Tell me, are you hurt?" she asked suddenly.

"I strained my hand a little this morning—that's all—but I can manage the steering."

"I'm so sorry," answered Betsy. She wished the brown eyes would smile

MARRIAGE IS A BUSINESS MATTER, SAYS GIRL WHO ADVERTISES FOR A HUSBAND



CLARA BISCHOFF

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 10.—If a girl is too busy making a living for herself and mother to get acquainted with young men and have a regular courtship is she justified in advertising for a husband?

Miss Clara Bischoff, 19, has advertised that she wants to marry a respectable young man with an income of \$50 a week, who will take care of her mother as well as herself.

In my case marriage is a business proposition, says Miss Bischoff. "I would like to have a romance like other girls have, but I have found I am unable, on the small salary I can earn, to provide for myself and mother as we should be provided for."

"I come from a good family and have an honest name. I am a good cook and know how to keep house. I will devote the rest of my life making happy the man who will give mother and me a good home."

HERE ARE THE REQUIREMENTS

The requirements to be filled by the man Miss Bischoff says she will marry:

Must be between 23 and 30 years of age.

Must have an income of \$50 or more a week.

Must be in good health.

Must be kind.

Man of good height with black hair and eyes preferred.

again, but his face remained serious and set.

They reached Dexter and she boarded a car.

"Good-bye," she called to her benefactor, "and thank you so much." She had thought of paying him, but something held her back.

The trolley car went five or six miles through green fields and curved around the foot of the hills. Then suddenly it stopped.

"There has been a landslide!" called a man up front. And, sure enough, there across the track were stone and dirt it would take hours to remove.

Betsy left the car and looked despondently at the mass. Thirty miles from home! Then she heard a familiar sound and, turning, she beheld her workman friend in his brave little Bridge bouncing along the road near the track.

"Come on!" he called. "Won't you let me take you home?"

"You are terribly kind!" said Betsy, "but I believe after all there isn't anything so reliable as a team. If you wouldn't mind taking me to North Stanwick, I can make the afternoon express."

"Just as you say!" he agreed. "But I'm going to Clover Hill anyway and you are very welcome if you don't mind riding in my car."

Betsy thought of the Boswells and the Harpers, the Carter-Haines and the Markleys out for their afternoon spins, and she could imagine their remarks upon her arrival in a muddy little Bridge.

"No, thank you. I'll take the train and be done with it."

So she took the train at North Stanwick, feeling at last that her troubles were at an end. But after a few miles there was a jolt and the train stopped.

"The bridge is on fire just ahead," explained the brakeman to anxious inquiries. "It was discovered just in time to flag us."

Betsy was in despair. She was get-

ting very tired and nervous. She walked up and down the track wondering what to do, when a voice called across a fence.

"Do you want a lift?"

It was her workman in his faithful Bridge.

"Yes," she called wearily. "Will you please take me home?"

"Harrison was coming to dinner," said his mother at 7, but he fell down a ladder today and broke a bone in his wrist, so he may not be able to come. He's a fine young man. Betsy, he's a sculptor as well as an architect, and he has a fine future. I wish you would take an interest in him if he comes."

"I think he'll come, mother," said Betsy, blushing.

CAN'T LOSE HAIR

Twenty Years From Today a Bald-headed Man Will Be An Unusual Sight.

One of the most prominent druggists of America made a statement a few weeks ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among the scientists in the medical press.

He said: "If the new hair grower, Mildredina Hair Remedy, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."

"When Mildredina Hair Remedy is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity." Sample sent for 10c to pay postage. Mail orders filled by Mildred Louise Company, Boston, Mass.

For sale by Holt Drug Store, Fairmont. Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington.



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A MOST opportune—opportunity to see the newest of the new styles, not on pictures, but on yourself. Come in and try them on!

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"It seemed to me at the first rehearsal, Margie," said Paula, "as Mary Madden wailed out those words that I was looking upon the greatest acting in the world. I know now that I was seeing not acting but truth and tragedy."

"That will do, Miss Newton," said the manager as I wiped my eyes, "your emotion shows temperment, but you had better save your tears until later."

"Margie I did not save my tears but I had plenty to shed later when the tragic story began at that rehearsal and which bound the lives of Mary Madden, Ernest Lawton and myself together, was ended."

"Come out and get a bite to eat with me, Miss Newton," said Lawton

that first day.

"I was so excited that I felt food would choke me and was about to tell him so when Miss Madden called out as though going out to lunch with him was a regular thing. 'Oh, Ernest, I am too tired to go out. I'll just rest here until the afternoon rehearsal. You can have something sent in to me from the restaurant.'"

"My I stay with you, Miss Madden?" I asked impulsively.

"She looked up quickly and seemed about to assent when Mr. Lawton spoke. 'I have asked Miss Newton to take lunch with me, Mary, I'll send you something.'"

"A look of incredulity passed over her face."

"I don't think I need anything but

a pot of coffee," she murmured. "Run along, child, and amuse his highness while he eats."

"Mary!" his sharp exclamation fairly cut the air.

"Don't, we are not still rehearsing," she said, wearily.

"I went to luncheon with him, not knowing that we had left behind a woman who had loved him and who was suffering as only a woman can suffer who knows she is losing the man she loves."

"But such is the irresponsibility of youth that very soon I had forgotten everything but the man sitting opposite me—a man who was treating me with the caressing amusement he would use to a child—a child who interested him immensely."

"You did that last scene with me splendidly," he exclaimed.

"I hope I shall do it better," I said, "you see I am not used to telling a man I love him and I am a little fussed."

"You need never be afraid of telling me you love me," I looked up quickly at his tone—"on the stage," he continued smoothly.

"It was only when Mr. Lawton looked at his watch after we had finished, frowning a bit, that I remembered, 'Oh, we have forgotten Miss Madden's coffee.' I was miserable in a minute."

Mr. Lawton answered somewhat angrily. "She has probably sent out for some by this time. Mary knows I have a very poor memory except for my part and a pretty girl."

"His look called the color to my face and it was still there when we reached the theater where the rehearsal had already begun."

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN.)—BY ALLMAN.

